

they wouldn't give her, whether she was damaged any or not. The lawyer told Pa as how they got forty thousand dollars for a man that slipped up on a streak of molasses and sprained his heel.

Prof. Numbskull don't like me so well as he used to, and he's quit philanderin' around our house so much ever since one evening

Pa was readin' THE GAZETTE and aske

and settlin' down to his readin' again, "It was bit off." It was so still in the room you could have heard a gum drop, and all ten of my ants looked at each other and

All my ants, they liked to went with me when they read in THE GAZETTE how the girls up to Hardin college celebrated Halloween.

the right nite, and they might try their fortunes and perhaps get a look at their future husbands, though I'd said they better throw open the slidin' doors 'cause if all ten o

Ant Canda Satynna, she's an awful hog, she eat six donuts and four big pickles and hunk of cheese and swifled down three glasses of lemonaid and four cups of coffee.

...waked the whole place up, includin' my
gote that bellowed like a kuff, and she say
she'd rather die than marry the man she
saw, she says that foller on the front p-

Perry Davis is Pane Killer and she was al-
rite the next mornin', but didn't want mae

cord that time, cause you see my Pa always likes to keep up with the times as much as he can, and just before that last northern when a feller come along sellin' patent heatin' stoves and explained it all t

Pa said he'd take two of 'em and save a
the fuel; so he sold our old stoves to

thinkin' if one of them would save half the fuel two of 'em would save it all, and he never had no coal sent down, and that's how we all got such a cold. My Pa he says that stove man is a fraud and fo' everybody who reads THE GAZETTE to look

then new-fangled stoves. We are all mite sorry about my Ant Lavender Pant ketchin' such a cold 'cause you see she got a loud and unusual voice and takes to singing a right smart, and Pa he says a how it mite do her voice up for singin' some of the ketchin' and singin' and she said the piano tune, come to tune the piano next door to us, and Anty ben' over ther and sorter friskin' around the younz man he asked her to sing for him, and she did and it pleased him so much that he laffed right out loud and told Anty by all means

come around again and he'd tune it for me, but he wouldn't charge a cent. Well, Andy was she who used to up and sing for me, and she'd been hintin' to Pa about organ and vocaleers and lessons and such like and one day here comes Pa and an express wagon and Pa says, "Well, here's your organ, and shure enuff here come the express man luggin' in one hand organ and Pa said as how he got it cheap at an auction sale, and all it needed was a new crank and a new pump, and he'd get it for me, and he took it to painted and fell back in it when they saw that old thing, and Ant Lavenexer told Pa that he would do splendid for a pump, and he'd get it for me, and he'd get a funny like she said nebby Pa could see the monkey, and they made so much fuss that Pa dummed the old organ out in the wood house and my old girl butted. She stuck in the inwards of the thing and ka-boom! and she belled like a kaff till a big policeman that was asleep on the next corner came and up and turned in from

Poor Pa, he said he thought an organ was
the best thing for him; but he had a crank
in the whole family could play on it without
taking no music lessons, but the girls wouldn't
have it.

Some of my Pa's lady friends in Fort-
Worth sent him a pretty bunch of roses
yesterday, and you orter seen how proud he
was. He says he'll give them to me, and my
ants took 'em nor hardly look at 'em; and
he stuck 'em in a wash-bowl full of water.
I s'pose they'll rot, but I don't care. It's
nite ritin' some pretty verses; my Ant Mol-
lie she sneaked 'em out and copied 'em, and
here they are:

Dear Fedit thanks I can't Express,
So I send Them By The Mail;
Then Roses Was red and Mint was
and so Square as Mother.

VERS PARAGORICALLY.

NICHEDROMES PANTS."

Auntie she says the first two lines is pretty
good, but the balance is all wrong. She
flowers, 'cause after Pa went to bed we
sneaked 'em out to look at 'em, and come to
think of it, we ought to have been wiser and
soaked full of water, and we threw 'em out,
to my gote and told Pa the cat eat 'em up,

My chum is gettin' well, and I think a
little better. I'm havin' had any
brother 'ceptin' my Auns, I feel towards his
sister like I allow Kane must have felt
towards his brother Able, and I reckon he
reminds it; mebbly some of you have red
about it.

Next Wednesday we're goin' to say peaces
and read essays at school, and they've offered
a prize for the best. I hope to be a Thank-
sgiving, and I hope to win mine, and I hope
mebbly I'll get the prize:

ODE TO THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving is a bully day,
And though it may be turkey,
We ought to cherish it away
And gobble up the turkey.

I'd hate to be a turkey hen,
So sick I couldn't wobble,
And then be shut up in a pen
For hungry folks to gobble.

But then it ain't no use to wale—
Trust her should be a turkey,
She mit be frozen of her tale

Of course, you know, some folks there be,
Who always be in the sulks,
And float around like a treacherous sea.
Like worthless, worn-out hulks.

But such, who think that life's all jars,
And that their cross is bigger
That all the rest, might think their stars
They wasn't born a nigger.

Everybody orter be thankful for some-
thin'. Please don't forget me to the GAZ-
ETTE girls. LITTLE TOMMIE PANTS.

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tising rates to be had.
